

1607/3782.

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY,
A POEM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE CURLING-MATCH,

AND

CURLER'S EPISTLE.

ALSO,

AN ELEGY

ON

ROBESPIERRE.

PRINTED FOR T. BROWN, JANQUHAR,

1799.

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

I.

WHILE others welcome New-Year's-Day
With mirth, and Christmas cheer;
I too, in my old-fashion'd way,
Would hail the op'ning year.

II.

When Ninety-eight its course began,
How long a time it seem'd!
With weeks more than my mind could scan
The fruitful prospect seem'd.

III.

But all a cheat her smiles I've found;
For the revolving sun
Concluded has his annual round
Ere mine is well begun.

IV.

Just so, this op'ning year appears—
Just so she seems to smile;
Just so the sanguine youth she cheers—
Just so she'll him beguile!—

V.

Old Father Time will onward steal,
Just with his former haste;
Succeeding years around will wheel,
As quickly as the past.



VI.

On former years I will reflect,
When this would me ensnare;
Nothing from her I will expect
But a few days of care.

VII.

How many chearful, young, and gay,
With jollity and mirth,
Did celebrate last New-Year's-Day,
Who now lye cold in earth!

VIII.

And many, ere this wheeling year
Bring round next New-Year's-Day,
Shall stretched be on funeral bier,
And mix'd with kindred clay.

IX.

Perhaps before next New-Year's-Day,
The ghastly tyrant Death
On me his clay-cold hand may lay,
And rob me of my breath!

X.

Would I, a foolish mortal, think
How quickly I must die;
That I but totter on the brink
Of round eternity;

XI.

By envying then the great and rich,
I'd not disquiet myself;
It well might cure me of the itch
Of hoarding fordid pelf.

XII.

Upon the pow'rful, looking down
With careless, easy eye;
The monarch with his splendid crown
Creating no envy.—

THE CURLING-MATCH.

I.

WHEN Winter's frost with nipping cold
Had hard'ned all the plains,
And seas, and lakes, and rivers lay
Bound up in icy chains;

II.

The Curlers keen with glowing hearts
Prepar'd their warlike arms;
As fields of glory, ev'ry where
Displayed glitt'ring charms.

III.

The Sanguhar's sons for ages past
Unrival'd flood in fame;
And all the frozen North confess'd
The honour of their name.

IV.

John Crawford long had envy'd them,
And now resolv'd to try
His last efforts, and vict'ry gain,
Or on the field to die.

V.

Among the hills Dunciton's streams
In wild meanders play;
There both the num'rous armies met,
In battle's dread array.

VI.

When Sanguhar's gallant youths beheld
The sparkling glassy field,
With love of fame inspir'd, they cry'd,
'We'll die, but never yield.'

VII.

No battle e'er was stoutier fought,
Nor e'er a bloodier fray;
John Crawford did what man could do,
Yet sadly lost the day!

VIII.

Though ev'ry gen'rous spirit feels
For a brave fallen foe;
Yet all rejoice that foolish pride
Is sometimes humbled low.

EPISTLE

*To a S—nqub—r Curler, from his friend in
Gl—sg—w, an old S—nqub—r Curler.*

DEAR Ed—rd, we have now good reason
To expect a ling'ring, frosty season.
I still am blest with strength and vigour
To bear the greatest cold and rigour;
And healthy, both in flesh and bone,
Am fit to use my Curling-Stone.

O Curling-Stone, for many a year,
With thee, amongst companions dear,
Engag'd in harmless, manly play,
I've laugh'd the winter months away.
The day we spent in glorious fun;
At night we told what deeds were done;
How Rob, Will, Tom, James, John, and Ned
Drove fiercely on, or calmly led,
The wondrous deeds of mighty name,
Recorded in the books of Fame.

This Curling-Stone, my worthy friend,
 With care and speed unto me send.
 And in return, with heart sincere,
 I'll drink your health in wine, or beer;
 Or, which no liquor can surpass,
 Rich cordial drops in crystal glafs.

I left I should trespass on your time,
 I'll now conclude my humble rhyme.

May S—nquh—r's sons new vict'ries gain,
 While Lochward, Cr—k, and N—th remain.
 May all the corners of the land
 Submissive own their conqu'ring hand!—
 May vain J—n Cr—wf—rd mind their blow,
 While wild D—n—t—n's currents flow.
 May M—rt—n and P—np—nt still feel
 Their strength of stone, and temper'd steel.
 May icy fields the poles around
 For ever with their praises sound!
 And may the W—thr—ngt—ns appear
 Among the chiefs of ev'ry year.
 While I can touch a Curling-Stone,
 Thus prays your servant, J. W—ls—N.

AN ELEGY

*On the much lamented death of Robespierre, by
 a holy Democrat, Anno 1794.*

NOW, Muse, put on an Antiburgher face,
 And whine as ye were, grunting out a grace;
 For Robin Spiercs ere now has ta'en his place
 Among the dead;
 And like Danton has run his holy race,
 And lost his head.

Gude guide us, Robin, wha wad e'er hae thought
That ye wad to the guillotine be brought;
The scar-craw Death some ither might hae fought
And let you be;
For full as well the deadly wark ye've wrought
Amaist as he.

Auld Skin an' Banes, thou lev'ling Sans-Cullette,
What tempted thee to cut poor Robin's throat,
Wert thou afraid the fage wad turn his coat,
And, void o' dread,
Wad hatch against thee some infernal plot,
And snap thy head.

Howe'er it be, poor Rab, thy silent bier
Full well deserves the tribute of a tear;
Ilk Democratic faint will mourn to hear
Thy awful doom;
For now indeed we'll hae nae cause to fear
The Pope o' Rome.

Bafe Scarlet Whore, we trusted Rab at laſt
Wad o'er thee ſome deciſive cantrops caſt;
But yet it ſeems thou haſt withſtood the blaſt,
An' fool'd us a',
And Nintey-four will very ſoon be paſt
For a' our jaw.

They talk of Atheists—Atheists, what are they;
They may be folk indeed that seldom pray;
They abhorr slaughter thousands in a day!
A' that's but foppery
To pray'r-books, priests, and a' the vile display
O' vile black Popery!

O man had ye the clever trick but play'd,
The Pope and Antiburgher to hae made,
Or mountain-man, or ev'n an Atheist blade
Or ta'en his head,
We'd been content, but now our hopes are laid,
For now you're dead.

'Tis wondrous strange indeed that you should go
To fraternize again with fam'd Brissot,
The great Danton, the sanctify'd Chabot,
Wha by your deeds
Were sent to hug auld Clootie down below
Without their heads.

Wha kens but ye're the man, gude Robin Spieres,
That's yet to chain the Deil a thousand years,
That this will happen plainly it appears
Frac sacred writ;
Then haste and ring the tocsin in his ears,
And free the Pit!

This would indeed a great atchievement be,
Fit for Marat, Egalite, and thee;
Though some there are wha wad pretend to see
In this a curse,
That for one Deil we'd then be plagu'd wi' three,
Yea ten times worse!

Yet they're but fools wha mak sae mickle bother,
There's Willy Pitt, Wha mae?—Ay, there's another,
John Young o' Hawick, our degenerate brother,
The Lord forgie him;
For mickle grace the man wad wish to smother—
I canna see him.

Of sense it seems he has an unco deal—
Would he had greater store of godly zeal;
Your sense and reason are but unco frail—
Divines will tell
That they wha trust to them will weep and wail
And gnash in h—ll.

Farewell then Robinspieres, my worthy chiel;
Be sure to tell Marat we wish him weel;
Tell him, we hope he soon shall lead the deil
Some hellish dance;
And ha'd him fast bound up in chains o' steel,
Like Paine in France.

FINIS.

